SERMON
OF
JUDGEMENT,
Preached before the
Queen Dowager,
In Her Majesties Chappel
AT
SOMERSET-HOUSE;
ON THE
First Sunday in Advent.
Being the 27th. of *Novemb.* 1686.

By *J. D.* of the SOCIETY of JESUS.

Published by Her Majesties Order.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nat. Thompson* at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden*, near *Charing-Cross*, 1687.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A SERMON

Preach'd before the

QUEEN DOWAGER,

On the firſt *Sunday* of Advent.

Luke XXI. *Verſe* 27.

Tunc videbunt filium hominis venientem in nube, cum poteſtate magnâ & Majeſtate.

Then ſhall they ſee the Son of Man coming in a Cloud, with great Power and Majeſty.

TUnc, *Then*: A day *Then* ſhall come, the *laſt* of days, unknown to *Man*, but known to *GOD*, which putting the Heavens to a ſtand, and a full ſtop to Time, *ſhall benight the Sun, ſhall* Matt. 24. 29.

darken the Moon, ; ſo cloſing the Eyes of a dying World, and even *throw the Stars from the Firmament*. Come it ſhall, and making all Nature to Tremble, with horrid Commotions of Mountains and Plains, Agitations of Hills and Valleys ; ſhall lay the ambitious of the Earth under their once Palaces, but now Tombs ; ſhall level with the ground, your beſt deſign'd Fortreſſes, and Nobleſt Cities ; and of ſo many Renowned Kings, and Empires, ſhall leave no more than a place of Burial. It ſhall ſay to the broils and noiſes of a buiſy,clamorous World : *Silence*. To the bloody conteſts of Warlike Nations, *Peace*. To the deep Contrivances of Politicians, *Ha' done*. To Nuptial Joys, Titles, and Grandeurs, *No more*. To the long deſcent of Ancient Families, *An End*. To all Mankind, *Return into your native Duſt*. Merchants, Lawyers, Soldiers, Youth, Ladies, Nobles, all is vaniſhed when this day appears. No more Meetings at Change, no more Pleadings at Bar, no more Muſtering at Camps, no more flocking to Theatres,

Theatres, no more Gallantry at Balls, no more idle Converſations, Courting, Coaching, and Gaming; no more Paſtimes, nor time to paſs. Wit, Courage, Beauty; Wealth, Pleaſure and Glory, are reduced to Aſhes, to cover a mournful World; One thing only remains, ſlight it if you can, *Judgement, God's dreadful Judgement. Surgite mortui & venite ad Judicium*; *Ariſe you Dead, and come to Judgement.* The Trumpet of the Arch-Angel will ſound; which did it now awake the Living, as it ſhall then revive the Dead, in ſilence I'd give place to your Compunction, and Eloquent Tears. But alas! We are no S. *Jeroms*, no *Lewis's*, to hear, at ſuch a diſtance, thoſe dreadful Summons's. We are too ſhort-ſighted to diſcover ſo far off, that frightful day: To excite therefore, and quicken our preſent Faith of what's to come, joining Reaſon with Divine Authority, I ſhall endeavour to ſet before your Eyes, God's final Judgement, divided into Three Parts.

First, The Indictment, which is *General.*

Secondly, The Tryal, which is *Impartial.*

Thirdly, The Sentence, which is *Unalterable*:

Tunc videbunt filium hominis venientem in Nube, cum Potestate magnâ, & Majestate.

Then they shall see the Son of Man coming in a Cloud, with great Power, and Majesty.

But let us first Invoke the assistance of the God of Mercy, by the Intercession of his ever Virgin-Mother, an Advocate to him for Sinners, *Ave Maria.*

Tunc videbunt, &c. *Then they shall see*, &c. The Indictment is *General.* There is nothing so Formidable, the Terrour of which, is not much allay'd by its Uncertainty; For Uncertainty makes way to hope of avoiding it, Hope diminishes Fear, and so what otherwise might surprize the sobereſt, and stouteſt Resolution, is often, if not contemn'd, at least undervalu'd by the weakeſt sort of People,

ple. What more Terrible to the Ear, than a clap of Thunder? Yet a confidence, we are not the mark of angry Heaven, dulls our apprehenſion of it. What more frightful to the Eye, than a ſtormy Sea? And yet becauſe its fury frequently ends in Threats and Foamings, it is encountred by a World of Marriners. Could the ſtrict Judgement of God be declined, we might have ſome cauſe to mitigate that Fear, its very Name ſtrikes into the Veins of True Believers. But we are already Summoned, and Indicted; without poſſibility of Traverſe, or Appeal: God's Judgement undoubtedly is to enſue. No hope then of flying it; no motive of leſſening our Fear, or preparation for it.

Should I aſſume, without farther proof, this grand Verity; *A day of Judgement is to come*: I ſhould make bold with no more, than what the Belief of each Chriſtian allows me, and ſpeaking to Chriſtians, what more could be required? Can we have a ſtronger evidence, than what relyes upon the immoveable ground, of Divine Reve-

Revelation? We cannot. Yet Reaſon, you may ſuggeſt, works more Con-naturally upon the generality of Men, and that Faith is at leaſt Dormant in many, if not Dead in ſome, whereas Natural Reaſon is awake in all. Is it ſo? I wiſh it were. Were Natural Reaſon awake in all, were it not caſt into a dead Sleep, by Senſuality and Paſſion, it would not ſuffer Divine Revelation to paſs for a Dream, Hell for a Fable, Heaven for a Paradiſe of Fools, the Goſpel for an *Alcoran*. However, it being your Suggeſtion, my Duty is to comply with your Inclination; Reverently therefore ſetting aſide for a while, what is conſign'd unto us, in the ever, and thrice Holy Bible; I find we are Indicted, even by Reaſon it ſelf, declaring for a *Day of Judgement, from all Eternity aſſign'd for Men.* To the Proof.

Moral Philoſophers, though Gentiles, termed this World a Priſon, Men the Priſoners; and by conſequence, could not but acknowledge, as it were, a general Seſſions, where

where all Cauſes ſhould be Tryed. But their Authority goes no farther than it ſuits with your own Reaſon. To your Reaſon then I appeal to be Judge of this Truth. Is there not an inbred deſire in each Man, to be righted, if injured, to require ſatisfaction, if affronted? Nay, if the affront be publick, do not you exact publick recompence, and this, ſeconding the conduct, and Laws of Natural Juſtice? Are not theſe firſt and palpable Notions obvious to all, and ratified by daily Practice? They are. And if ſo, give me leave to proſecute my Diſcourſe. What is juſt in our Selves, ſhall we deny to be juſt in GOD? Has He leſs Right than We? We have our days of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, and ſhall not God have his day too? Shall he not in the face of the World, hold his Court of Juſtice? How many give him the lye with Hereſies? How many with Blaſphemies, do what they can, to poſt him for a God of Wood? How many with Imprecations, Curſes, and Oaths, take a pride in Prophaning his Sacred Name? His Inſpira-

tions

tions are repulsed, his Counsels not heard, his Orders neglected, his Commands disobeyed, his Mercy scorned, his Patience trampled under foot; and shall not Justice take in hand the Cause? What say you? You are Rational Men, debate it with Reason, and give in your Answer. Doth not Reason speak aloud, and cry out for a day of Judgement; and what is this Verdict of Reason, but a Citation to Appear? Yes, Yes, *Videbunt filium hominis venientem in Nube, They shall see the Son of Man comming in a Cloud*; A Cloud which shall burst out into a Thunder of Justice, and Revenge against the Impious. *Videbunt, They shall see*; Yea, a day shall come, They shall see, and We shall see. But again:

As God is a First and Necessary Being, so of necessity he must be the first Rule of Justice; and can any one be so fond as to imagine, That the first Rule of Justice it self, can put up so many wrongs, done under pretence of Authority deriv'd from him? To Enact unjust Laws, which carry the Woe

of

of God in their Fore-head, written by, *Isaiah, Væ qui condunt leges iniquas, ut vim faciant causæ humilium populi mei: Wo to those who make unrighteous Laws, to use violence to the Cause of the humble of my people.* To quit the Guilty, to condemn Innocents, are things possible. I say no more: Sometime Passion, and oftener Mistake, overrules Judges. They are Men, and the Learned know, That Humane Laws cannot sufficiently provide for all Contingencies. Now if it be the part of a Superiour Court to Retrieve the Errours and Disorders of an Inferiour, Thô the written Word of God were Mute, were not in Being, would not Reason decide, That it is but just and equitable, That all Injuries, uneven Dealings, and Oversights, Voluntary, and Unvoluntary, should be Rectified in a Supreme and Final Judgement? More. Cap. 10. v. 1.

Is it fit that any Crime should pass unjudged, and unpunished, Good and Holy Actions unrewarded? But that's performed, you'l say, at the hour of each Man's

Death. And the Judge himſelf, is He not to be Vindicated? What murmurings at Providence for the Proſperity of the Ungodly, and hard fortune of the Righteous? Theſe Poor, thoſe Wealthy, theſe Scorn'd, thoſe Honour'd, theſe Depreſs'd, and thoſe Rais'd: Is not the mouth of Malice to be ſtop'd? Beſides, is it not juſt, that a publick ſhame ſhould now check, and then puniſh the privacy of Sin? That a publick honour ſhould now Cheriſh, and then Crown Merit and Virtue? I end not here, be pleas'd to take yet one ſtep with me. How inconſiderable a part of our Actions fall under the Verge of Humane Authority? Amongſt Divines, and Canoniſts, it is a current Rule, *De internis non judicat Eccleſia*: *The Church it ſelf judgeth not of the interiour*; it takes Recognizance only of apparent things. And is it credible, that thoughts and deſires, the Origin and Source of all exteriour Evil, ſurmounting in number and quality, whatever betrays it ſelf to our Senſe and Knowledge, ſo offenſive to God, ſo pernicious to

our

our Neighbour, and our Selves, ſhall paſs un-try'd, and un-chaſtiz'd? Raſh Judgements, Treacherous Machinations, Malicious Deſigns, Rebellious Rancours, as they prejudice the whole, by being deſtructive to Humane Society, and Chriſtian Charity; ſo before the whole Univerſe, they are to be accounted for, and not only at the point of Death.

The ſubſtance of my Diſcourſe is reduc'd to this; if there be a God, he's Juſt; and if there be a Juſt God, there will be a final Judgement. But there is a God, and a Juſt God, as Light of Nature evidences. Therefore a day, a Judgment there will be. *Tunc videbunt*, &c. *Then they ſhall ſee.*

Reaſon then turn'd Herald, proclaims Judgement; *Reaſon* Summons us to Appear; *Reaſon* moves us to Apprehend, Fear, and Provide for a Tryal, either with pleading Guilty, by a timely and true Repentance; or Not Guilty, by the continuance of a harmleſs and godly Converſation. *Fratres hora eſt jam nos de ſomno ſurgere*, ſays the Apoſtle in the Office of this day, Rom. 13. 11.

It is now the hour for us to riſe from ſleep. Nunc enim propior eſt noſtra ſalus, For now our Salvation is nearer, We are in a holy time, dedicated to the coming of Chriſt, and therefore termed *Advent*, implying a Coming. One coming of Chriſt, is paſs'd the other is drawing on; that which is paſs'd was the coming of a Saviour, that which is drawing on, is the coming of a Judge; the firſt we Celebrate, for the ſecond we are to provide. In the firſt, the Son of God became the Son of Man; in the ſecond, the Son of Man will become Judge. Fear the Judge, and you'l not ſlight, but adore the Infant. *Timuit omnis*
Pſal. 63. 10. *homo*, ſays *David*, *All Men were repleniſhed with Fear*; where S. *Auguſtine*, as he is wont, divinely puts in; *Qui non timuerunt nec homines fuerunt: If all Men feared; they who feared not, were not Men.* Ceaſe then to be Men, or fear Judgement; for he that fears it not, according to S. *Auſtine*, is void of *Reaſon*, is no *Man*, *Qui non timuerunt nec homines fuerunt.*

Now

Now what *Reaſon* declares in general; the Spirit of the Lord lays down in more expreſs and ſignificant terms. I ſay nothing, of the foretelling *Sibyl*, or of the perſwaſion of ſome Ancients, touching the Conflagration of the World: I take no notice of the fantaſtical Conceits, relating to the end of the *Platonick* year. To you, O holy Prophets, for your Oracles and Summons, I addreſs my ſelf. Know then, ſays the Prophet *Ezekiel*, *Finis venit, venit finis, ſuper quatuor plagas terræ*: *The end is come, there is come an end, upon the four parts of the Earth*: *Et judicabo te juxta vias tuas. And I will judge thee according to thy ways.* Cap. 7. ver. 2.

And why twice, *An end is come; there is come an end?* It is a Force, an Emphaſis, a Replication becoming ſo important a Truth; Or give me leave to throw in a thought, and ſay: The end of Time is come, and ſo is that of Eternity; for Eternity has but one End, and that is its Beginning. *An end then is come, there is come an end*; and between this *End*, and *End*, the *End* of Time, and *Beginning* of Eternity;

ty; *Judicabo*, says the Lord; I will erect my Seat of judgement.

Lift up your Eyes, says the Prophet *Isaiah*, *Ecce dies Domini veniet crudelis & indignatione plenus & iræ furoriſque* Behold the Day of the Lord ſhall come full of Indignation, Wrath, and fury. And if you yet enquire deeper into the nature of the Day, *Sophonias* bids you take your Pen in hand, and write the *Index* of *Epithets* he ſets down; *Dies Domini magnus*; The great day of the Lord: *Dies iræ*, The day of Anger; *Dies illa*, The Day; *Dies Tribulationis, & Anguſtiæ*, The Day of Tribulation, and Diſtreſs; *Dies calamitatis & miſeriæ*, A Day of calamity and miſery; *Dies tenebrarum*, A day of Darkneſs; *Dies Tubæ & Clangoris*, A day of Trumpet and Alarm. Such is the Day which is to Uſher us in to Judgement.

Cap. 1. verſ. 15. 14.

And here I ſtop, for not to repeat what laſt *Sunday* has left ſo freſh in your minds. Then you ſaw, and to your terrour and fear, by expert Pencils in both the Royal Chappels, the gaſt piece of the expiring World, drawn out to life. The Sun darkened,

kened, the Moon in blood, the Stars falling, the Earth in ſmoak, and fire, the Sea in rage; Here an Angel, with one foot upon the Sea, the other upon the Land, lifting his hand to Heaven, and ſwearing by him that lives, *The End of Time*: There, the over-flowing Caldron of God's Indignation; *Jeremy*, and the Prophets heartleſs. Here the *Juſt* trembling, and almoſt daunted; There, Men, or rather wandering Skeletons of Men, ſeeking Dens and Caves, and withering for fear; For fear of what, do you conceive? And with this thought I end my firſt part.

Tell me not for the roarings of an invading Sea, the howlings of the Winds in the Air, the gapings of the Earth. No, theſe were not the ſubject of their fear, Theſe are but Summons's to Judgement, They are piercing, they are amazing True: But to ſuch as feel not Judgement near at hand, its Judgement terrifies them. They are but Meſſengers, and it is not the Meſſenger, but the Meſſage which chills the Delinquent; its the horrour of

Judge-

Judgement which cauſes Men to rave for fear, and beg the Mountains to fall upon them. *Quærent homines mortem*, ſaith the
Apoc. 9. 6. beloved Diſciple, *Men ſhall ſeek Death, and Death ſhall fly from them.* O what a Change! O what an Alteration! Hear, and Admire; Men now dread to dye, and then for fear of Judgement ſhall dread to live; they ſhall ſeek Death, but Death will not be found.

Ah cruel Death! they'd ſay, were not their grief too exceſſive, to ſpeak; Death ever Cruel; Cruel when Men fled from thee, and more Cruel now thou flieſt from Men: Cruel thou wert to the ſoft intreaties of Ladies; Cruel in ſcorning Infants Tears, Cruel to the deſires of comely youth, Cruel in deriding the Prayers of the Ancient, Cruel in feeding upon the Carcaſſes of all Mankind; but Crueller in thy flight, than in thy approach, in thy retreat, than in thy onſet. Ah Death, Death, be piteous, by continuing thy former Cruelty, be merciful by being Death unto us, and concealing us from the Eye of the enraged

raged Judge. *Quærent homines mortem, Men ſhall ſeek Death, Et mors fugiet ab eis,* and Death it ſelf, frighted at their fear, *ſhall take its flight.* O what apprehenſion then muſt Judgement raiſe! which renders eaſie the Convulſions of Nature, the diſorders of the Elements, the Menaces of the Heavens, the deadly Symptoms of an agonizing World: Theſe are but *Initia dolorum, The beginnings of ſorrows.* They can but Kill; and Death is now a Comfort: When Life was lov'd, ſuch Evils were fear'd: The terrour of Judgement drawing near, Life is hated, and Death coveted. Matt. 24. 8.

Yet Death at laſt, having left none living, muſt again withdraw, and render its ſpoils. The final call to our Tryal ſounds, the Voice of the Arch-Angel fills the Graves; the powerful Trumpet reaches the remoteſt parts of Sea and Land; the command of the Judge urges: Heaven, Hell, and Earth obey; Souls are united to their reſpective Bodies; *All,* none excepted, *ſhall Ariſe*: *Omnes reſurgemus,* ſays the Apoſtle. 1 Cor. 15. 51.

And for a moment I leave you, in the midſt of *Alexanders*, *Scipios*, *Hannibals*, *Cæſars* and *Pompeys*, no more what they were, the terrour of the World, but what they are, ſinking for fear; *Potentiſſimi quondam Reges nudo latere palpitabunt*, ſays St. *Jerome*; *The hearts of the once moſt powerful, now naked Kings, ſhall beat and palpitate.* Vouchſafe to recollect your ſelves, for the hearing the Tryal, and Sentence in my ſecond part, to which I now come

Ep. ad Heſiod.

T*Unc videbunt filium hominis*, &c. *Then they ſhall ſee*, &c. Your attention, beloved Brethren, your attention. The much I have ſaid, to what I have to ſay, is little: Now the Scene of Terrour is opening. The reſt was but a Prelude; Now for Life and Death, and that Eternal; Judgement begins: and the Tryal will be as Impartial, as the Judge is above Bribe, Miſtake, or Paſſion.

The Souls united to their Bodies, thoſe of the Damned with greater violence, than ever they were ſeparated, with reproachful Curſes

Curſes charging each other, (an effect of ſinful Friendſhip) as being the cauſe of their Perdition, ſhall be placed in the Valley of *Joſaphat*, interpreted, *Valley of Judgement*, to the fulfilling the Prophecy of *Joel*. 3. 2. and *verſe* 14. ſtiled *Vallis conciſionis*, *The Valley of Slaughter*. The Souls and Bodies of the Juſt, greeting each other, with a Reciprocal Love and Joy, ſhall be rais'd into the Air, both giving their Appearance, in way to a Tryal: And the Judge in order to the ſame, likewiſe appears; all like themſelves; the Wicked burning with confuſion, the Juſt repleniſhed with confidence; and the Judge attended by innumerable Legions of Angels, with the Crown of Majeſty on his Head, the Scepter of Power in his Hand, ſhall ſeat himſelf on his Throne, and Judgement begins.

Tunc videbunt, *Then they ſhall ſee*: And *Tunc Plangent*, *Then they ſhall weep*; *Omnes Tribus Terræ*, *All the Tribes*, the Adorers *of the Earth*, compell'd to appear in Judgement. The firſt Ceremony uſed in our Criminal Cauſes, I conceive may be pra- Matt. 18. 17.

etiſed there. *Hold up your Hand*, that is your works, O Reprobates! *Hold up your Hand. Guilty, or not Guilty.* Pardon my forwardneſs, I miſtook, *Guilty*, or *Not Guilty*, will not be queſtion'd there. And why ſo? The Reaſon is clear, to plead *Guilty*, and ſo pretend to Mercy, it is too late; the time of Clemency is paſs'd, it is a day of Juſtice, Anger, and Revenge. To be *Guilty*, and plead *Not Guilty*, before an All-knowing Judge, where every one comes in Witneſs againſt himſelf, is vain. The Tryal will be orderly, the Evidence without exception, and what I ſet out by parts, will be done in a Moment, and therefore the more ſurpriſing. *Tunc plangent*, *Then they ſhall weep*, and to the increaſe of their unhappineſs, their Tears ſhall be a proof of their guilt. *Planctus*, ſays *Origen*, *ad hoc erit, ut ſponte contra ſe ſententiam proferant, & ſeipſos condemnent*; *Their weeping ſhall ſerve for a ſpontaneous Sentencing, and Condemning themſelves*, Tears of Guilt, and not Repentance.

Tract. 30.

The

The Judge ſhall examine, and they ſhall weep, *Redde Rationem*, ſayes the Judge, *Luke* 16. 2. *An account*, all you, who I intruſted with the Government of the World, you who I made accountable to none, are now to be accountable to me, of what Nature were your Decrees, Statutes and Laws? How was Juſtice obſerv'd? what Officers were employ'd? were you guided by Flattery, or Truth? by Paſſion or by Conſcience? was Vice diſcountenanc'd, was Virtue encourag'd, was Religion protected? you were glorious, but were you Pious, often at Balls, but how often at Sermons and Prayers? *They weep. Redde rationem. An account*, O Prelates, of the Church, were you call'd as *Aaron*, or did you intrude? did you feed your Flock, or fatten your ſelves? was your hand ſtretched out to Almes, or to fill your Coffers? were you a *Peter*, or were you a *Simon*? were Benefices and Church-Livings confer'd on the Unworthy, and who would give moſt, or to the worthy, and who either could, or would give nothing? *They weep.*

An

An account, O Prieſts! and what a ſtrict account are they to give? with what Reverence and Fear of God, did you approach to the dreadful Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Chriſt, at the holy Altar? The Sacrament of Penance, was it tyrannically, remiſly, or with a fatherly Love and Vigour adminiſtred by you? The Priſoners and infirm, were they viſited? as well Poor as Rich, were the dying aſſiſted? Children, were they catechiz'd? *They weep.* Preachers *an account*, by whom were you commiſſion d? were you ſent, and impower'd by the Church, directed by my Spirit? or was it the private Spirit, of a capricious Fancy, mov'd you, and ſet you up? did you preach me, or your ſelves? out of Zeal, or Oſtentation? my word, did you never turn it againſt my ſelf, that is, againſt my Church, and my anointed? my word, is a word of Peace, my word, is a word of Obedience, my word, is a word of Charity, and mutual Union. And how came you to make it the ſeed of mutual Hatred, Diſobedience, and Rebellion? *They weep.* *Redde rationem.* *An*

acc ount

account, O Schollars! you had Wit, and why pretended you to more Wit and Science than you had? what you had, was it not venial and mercenary? was it not profane? was it not too bold in queſtioning my Myſteries? your Quill, was it not ſnatch'd either from one of *Cupid*s wings, flowing with poyſonous Amours, or from one of the Harpies, pecking, fowling, and ſnatching away the Reputation, even of the moſt ſacred Perſons? *They weep.* *An account*, O Lawyers. The Cauſes you defended, were they Juſt? were they at leaſt doubtful? were they not oppoſite to law, though joyn'd with gain? why was the juſt claim of that indigent obſtructed, by a falſe Action laid againſt him? why was Juſtice put off with Demurs, deluded with quirks, and the Orphan and Widow ſtarv'd, becauſe forc'd to ſtarve their Cauſe, for want of doubled and redoubled Fees? *They weep.* *An account*, O Souldiers! you receiv'd Pay of your Prince, and was your Covenant real? were you Loyal? were you reſolute to ſerve him with the laſt drop of your Blood, or to ſerve your own turns? and then you ought to have

have paid your ſelves. Your Diſcipline was exact, but what was your Religion? you were punctual in obſerving orders, and how compliant with my commands? you were ſtout, but had you courage to duel your own Paſſion? you were valiant, but were you not haughty, quarrelſom, and abuſive? *They weep.* *An account*, O Ladies! How tender of your ſelves, but neither tender of Conſcience or of the Poor? why was a hair miſplac'd, a freckle in your countenance ſo offenſive, and the greateſt blemiſhes in the Soul not conſider'd? in time of Prayer your lips went apace, and how far did your thoughts then wander from me? your eye was too ſevere, as to your dreſs, and was not your tongue more ſevere in cutting out for others? *They weep.* *Redde rationem.* *An account*, finally, O Chriſtians, you pretended to Chriſtianity, and did not you live like *Heathens, not hearing the Church*? I left you a Church, a *Pillar of Truth, invincible to the gates of Hell.* And why was this Church left by you? I ſettled but *One Faith*, how dar'd you divide it into ſo many, to the deſtruction of Charity, diviſion of Unity, and arming Inſurrections?

Matt. 18. 17.

1 *Tim.* 3. 14.

Matt. 16. 18.

Epheſ. 4. 5.

ctions? I call'd, why was I not heard? I knock'd, why was I not admitted? My toils, my labours, why were they ſpent in vain? Where are the fruits of my Blood, Paſſion, and Death? *They Weep.*

But weeping will not ſuffice. To each Queſtion, a diſtinct Anſwer ſhall be given. The Books ſhall be opened, Mens Conſciences ſhall be diſplay'd before the whole Court, to be read by all. *Tunc videbunt filium hominis, Then they ſhall ſee the Son of Man*; and by light of the Sun of Juſtice ſhall view their own, and others Crimes, *Revelabit condenſa tenebrarum*, Pſal. 28. 9. *He ſhall reveal the profoundeſt works of darkneſs.* O what abominations? What ſhameful Actions? What diſgraceful Paſſages will then appear? There the hidden Atheiſm, which lurk'd in the heart of the un-wiſe, ſhall be diſcovered, and the *Fool*, who, *Pſal.* 23. 1. *ſaid in his heart there is no God*, ſhall by force Adore a juſt One: There the Deiſt ſhall meet with what he queſtions, *Job* 22. 13. *Quid enim novit Deus? & quaſi per caliginem judicat? How doth*

God know? Can he judge through the dark Cloud? Sad Repentance will learn him, that God Regiſters every moment, Thought, Word, and Circumſtance of the Life of Man, and in a Cloud more pure than Light it ſelf, he's come to judge him. *Nihil opertum quod non Revelabitur*, Matt. 10. 26. *Nothing covered that ſhall not be Revealed.* That cloſe ſupplanting; that undermining Honeſty and Worth; Thoſe frauds, thoſe deceits in Shops and Wares; That infidelity amongſt Partners, Apprentices and Factors; Thoſe Perjuries in Witneſſes, thoſe breaches of Truſt in Stewards and Servants; Thoſe palliated Uſuries, and Simonies. Thoſe ſly Inſinuations to ſteal away the good Name of ſome, and rob undue Favour and Eſteem from others: They who could not withſtand Power, ſhall then lay their loud claims, againſt concealed injuſtice. Thoſe Debaucheries not to be nam'd, ſhall be no more concealed. *Nihil occultum quod non ſcietur: Nothing hidden which ſhall not be known.*

Go

Go now wiſe Sinner, ſeek the remoteſt Solitude, the ſecreteſt Cave, the darkeſt Nights, to ſin the freer. And doſt thou think, that Solitude, that Cave, that Night, will keep thy counſel, from an All-ſeeing God? But grant it could, thou wilt not be able to keep it thy ſelf. Thy ſelf ſhall ſtand up againſt thy ſelf, in Judgement; thy Conſcience ſhall come in a Witneſs againſt thee, and what thou baſhfully doſt now refuſe to bury in the Breaſt of a Prieſt, bound to Eternal Silence, by an humble Confeſſion, Then Thou thy ſelf, in ſuch an Aſſembly, ſhalt publiſh to the World, *Arguam te, & ſtatuam contra faciem tuam*, Pſal. 29. 21. *I will rebuke thee, ſays the Lord, and place thee againſt thy own face.* And behold the Tryal is impartial, as the Indictment was general, for what more impartial, then that the Criminal is admitted to be his own Evidence. But the more impartial the Tryal, the Sentence, which is unalterable, more juſt: Continue, I crave the favour of your attention.

The Tryal perform'd, Man being his own Evidence, Man his own Jury. The Judge proceeds to Sentence. The Son of God having ſurrounded all, with a look full of Majeſty, terrible to the Reprobrates, and pleaſing to the Choſen, ſeated at his Right Hand: To theſe with a charming Voice he ſays. *Matt.* 25. 34. *Venite benedicti Patris mei, poſſidete paratum vobis Regnum à conſtitutione Mundi*; *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from the beginning of the World.* And with a ſtately, and ſtern Turn to the Wicked, placed at the Left, with a Voice of Thunder, with Eyes of Light'ning, and five Stars ſhining from his Sacred Wounds, ſhall dart his fatal Sentence: *Diſcedite à me maledicti* (verſ. 41.) *in ignem æternum qui paratus eſt Diabolo & Angelis ejus. Depart from me, ye accurſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* And Judgement is done, the Sentence and Execution is doing for all Eternity.

Diſcedite, *Depart*: *Venite*, *Come.* O fatal Departure! O bleſſed Accels! Of Whom? From

From Whom? To Whom? Whither? And, How long? A ſad Departure of Men from God; from the Centre of Bliſs, to the Devil, to Hell fire, and that for Ever. O joyful Acceſs! of the Creature to his Maker, to his ſweet Redeemer, to the Manſion of Happineſs never to End. Come, O Bleſſed! Depart, O Wicked! But is there no Attonement to be had? *None.* No hopes of Mitigation? *Not the leaſt.* Is the Sentence Unalterable? *Unalterable. In æternum*, for ever. Its God's Word. To queſtion it, were to Impeach our Reaſon, and God's Veracity.

Diſcourſe it thus if you pleaſe: To deprive Man of a Temporal Life, for an Offence to Man equal in Nature, your Reaſon tells you is juſt. And for an Offence againſt God, ſo great in Goodneſs and Worth, ſo infinitely above Man, by a proportion of Juſtice, the Puniſhment, ought it not to be Eternal? O imprudent! O raſh Mortals! Were the Caſe but doubtful, in Wiſdom you ſhould provide for the worſt; much more were it probable,

moſt

moſt of all, it being Certain. We are indicted both by Reaſon, and God's Word, and yet we prepare neither for the impartial Tryal, nor unalterable Sentence, by a timely Repentance, and Reformation of our Manners: God ſend we hear not, *Diſcedite maledicti in ignem æternum*: *Depart you accurſed into Eternal flames.*

Tunc videbunt; *Then they ſhall ſee the Son of Man*; Never *to ſee him more*. *Tunc plangent*; *And then they ſhall mourn*; *to mourn for ever*: Where I cannot but reflect, that Tears of Puniſhment begin from *Seeing*; Tears of Repentance from *Believing*. They deferr'd *Weeping* till they ſaw the Judge, *then too late*; They *Weep*, they *Sigh*, they *Groan*, they *Gnaſh their Teeth*, and ſo they ſhall for *Ever*; *Plangent*; they ſhall Mourn, and that *Eternally*: Whereas the Juſt grounded in a true Belief, now waſh away their Failures, with Pious and Devout Tears, and therefore ſhall *Weep no more*, but *Videbunt*, ſhall ſee Him, whoſe ſight is Life Everlaſting.

Depart

Depart O Accurſed for *Ever*: Come ye Bleſſed for *Ever*. O *Ever*! *Ever*! After Hundreds, and Thouſands, and Thouſands of Millions of Ages, yet *Ever* remains; Suppoſe all Heaven and Earth turn'd into Cyphers, put an *Unit* before them, you'l find written at the end of them; here *Ever*, here *Eternity* begins.

O Holy Penance! O Happy Repentance! Thou alone art able to prevent the perpetual Torment, and Diſgrace due to our Sins. Thou haſt filled Heaven, and changed Sinners into Saints. *Thee* from this Hour we heartily Embrace: Aſpire, O Lord! with thy moving Grace, melt our flinty Hearts, diſſolve them into Waters of Compunction, that joyning our Sorrow with thy Paſſion, our Tears with thy precious Blood, which ſo abundantly flow'd from thy Sacred Wounds, we may waſh away the Guilt of our Crimes. *Peccavimus, We have ſin'd*, but we Repent; To thee an Infant Saviour we have Recourſe this *Holy Time of Advent*, that at thy *Second Coming*,

Rejoyce, and not to Mourn. Be it ſo beloved Brethren; for who in this Life has Sin'd, and doth not Repent, ſhall Mourn, and Burn for *Ever*; *Ever*, *Ever*. *Diſcedite in ignem æternum*, &c. From which, God of his infinite Mercy preſerve us all, *In the Name of the Father*, &c.

FINIS.